

\*\*\*\*\*  
P H I L I P M O R N A Y,  
Lord of Plessis  
*his Teares.*

For the death of his Sonne.

*Vnto his Wife*  
C H A R L O T T E B A L I S T E.

*Englised*  
By  
I O H N H E A L E Y.

---

A T L O N D O N  
Printed by G. Eld, dwelling in Flecte-  
lane, at the signe of the Printers  
Presse, 1609.

6

45.  
6 30  
292.



**To my most honored  
and constant friend, Maister  
I O H N C O V E N T R Y.**



Orality ( *worthye  
Sir* ) giueth vs this  
instruction , that  
Fortitude is more  
apparant in sustai-  
ning then in per-  
forming : and Di-  
uinity assureth vs that he that endureth  
Gods tryalls with a patient humility, and  
an humble patience, shall thereby ascend  
a state most glorious . How much it be-  
hooueth both your selfe and me , to apply  
this Cataplasme to our owne present  
estates , it is best knowne to vs both, who  
haue thus long sayled in a deepe , darke  
sea of misfortunes : but as the diuine  
light shone vnto Sire du Plessis in his  
deepest night of sorrowes , and shewed  
him the way to his wished rest, so let vs  
light our Torches at his, and out of these  
his teares for the death of his onely

45.  
6. 30  
292.





To my most honored  
and constant friend, Maister  
JOHN COVENTRY.



Orality ( *worthye*  
*Sir* ) giueth vs this  
instruction , that  
Fortitude is more  
apparant in sustai-  
ning then in per-  
forming : and Di-  
uinity assureth vs that he that endureth  
Gods tryalls with a pacient humility, and  
an humble patience, shall thereby ascend  
a state most glorious . How much it be-  
hooueth both your selfe and me , to apply  
this Cataplasme to our owne present  
estates , it is best knowne to vs both, who  
haue thus long sayled in a deepe , darke  
sea of misfortunes : but as the diuine  
light shone vnto Sire du Plessis in his  
deepest night of sorrowes , and shewed  
him the way to his wished rest, so let vs  
light our Torches at his, and out of these  
his teares for the death of his onely

## THE EPISTLE.

sonne, extract a Quintessence for the cure of all our owne calamities. To this end, haue I presented them to you, perhaps in a forme vnfiled, yet no such (I am sure) as will retorne from you, vnaccepted. The discourse of it selfe is a generall Amulet, and being truly worne, resisteth all the infections of fortune. Take it then, and weare it, God may lend you sonnes, and take them away againe at his vchangeable pleasure; Keepe this Enchiridiō therefore at your elbowe, vpon all such occasions: wherein you shall finde desciphered both the passions of a loning parent, and that restraint of them, that besitteth a religious Christian.

Prenez en gre.

Yours intirely:

IO: HEALEY.

Phillip Mornay,

*Lord of Pleffis his Teares:*

to his wife CHARLOTTE

**BALLISTE.**



**D**Eare wife, seeing that in this abundant sorrow, wee can haue no solace but from the sorrow it selfe, nor any ease for this deepe wound, but what must be fetched from the wound, let vs make much of it: stoppe it too soone, it spoiles vs: stay it too long, it kills vs. I doe not therefore exhort you to exclude lamentation: farre bee that want of feeling from vs; let vs euer want this want of true affect. Should you become obdurate, flinty, free from sence of sorrow?

## Du Plessis

oh no: Gods corrections neuer  
propound vs this condition:  
the Lords punishments are to  
far other purpose: No, let vs be  
mooued, let vs bee melted. And  
my desire is that we acquaint our  
selues fully with this accidentall  
(not eternall) affliction: let vs  
affoord this corrosiue vlcer som-  
what to feede vpon easily, least  
it feed vpon our owne bosomes  
too fiercely: let vs tame this vn-  
tamed accident, and take it into  
our essence: let vs make it a part  
of that substance which it hath  
already wholly transformed: it  
is now become one of our essen-  
tiall parts, no more a passion, no  
more an imperfection. Heere  
then are our teares for thee  
to vse, if it bee inflamed, to  
coole it; if it bee ranckled, to

supple

## his teares.

supple it : put it from vs , nay  
shake it off vs we cannot, & wic-  
ked were we truely if wee could;  
wee are depriued of a sonne,  
(deare wife) an onely sonne : and  
ah how good a sonne ! our God  
the true comforter, be our com-  
fort: he that hath caused our sor-  
rowes , conclude them : bee hee  
our cure, that hath procured our  
hurt : onely comforter , onely  
Chirurgian . But stay : hee hath  
spared our sonne, that feared not  
his owne onely begotten for vs :  
he hath acquitted him from this  
world, and admitted him into a  
better : timely, in respect of his  
owne age, & no more but time-  
ly in respect of the ages of most  
besides him : freeing him from  
the conditions , nay the corrup-  
tions of this age, maugre all the

vaine-

## Du Plessis

vainely-banded vowes of all  
such as wisht his presence, and  
wept for his departure.

PHILIP MORNAY, PHILIPS  
*Sonne, making an enterprise  
under the Graue Maurice, up-  
on the Citty of Geldre, hauing  
broken open the first and se-  
cond gate, and bending all his  
power and endeuour against the  
laste, with a Musket-shot was  
struck through the brest, and set,  
leauing behind him the reward  
of his vertnes, included in the  
worlds generall lamentation for  
him, as hee had possessed it with  
honorable hopes of him.*

## his teares.

*Hee was borne at Antwerp in his  
fathers Embassage: 1579. the  
20. day of Iulie: and was  
made immortall, 1605. the 23.  
of October.*

Nature hath wept out the  
teares shee had: Now let rea-  
son; and piety weepe their  
partes, for they haue their  
springs of sorrow as well as the  
other: though not so fluent, not  
so abundant; yet more pure,  
more excellent, more eternall.  
When Nature hath drain'd the  
source of her teares dry, then  
come these two, and supplie  
sorrowes current.

What, shall I then speake  
out my woes, or shall I entombe  
them in silence? I had but one

only

## Du Plessis

one onely sonne, perhaps I shall neuer haue more. This sonne, our God bestowed bountifully vpon our vowes : and this same sonne ( our God ) our vowes returned dutifully vnto thee, and that instantly after. Hee was but now borne, thou hadst but now giuen him vs, when wee gaue him back againe to thee : he but now sawe the world, when the world saw him thine in his education, and our dedication.

Grace hir selfe was the grace-woman, the Midwife that receiued him from his Mother, gaue him Milke, and attended his first houre of birthe : so did Piety his infancie, Learning his childhood, Vertue his youth, Honestie his fuller growth and firmer age. And yet so kinde was this

con-



## his teares.

contention of the corporall and mentall vertues , being all en-  
ranged & enrooted in him , that  
neither did his strength make  
him decline vnto pride, his good  
shape to loosenesse , his learning  
to vanitie , his valour to cruelty,  
or his loue of vprightnesse vnto  
any sewrenesse of manners: his  
towardnesse so happily preuen-  
ted his education , his fruite  
stept in before his flower , and  
true grauitie tooke place in his  
heart , ere any little downe had  
spred it selfe on his face. So gra-  
ciouly were these contraries ga-  
thered together, each one to be-  
stowe the proper grace, without  
endaming the residue. And al-  
ready now began hee to be stiled  
the Staye of his Parents , the  
Starre of his countrie , that I

(faine

## Du Plessis

(faine foole) was a saying. *My roote is spred ont by the waters, and the dew shall lie vpon my branch. My glory shall renew towarde me, & my bow shalbe restored to my hand. In him I am renewed, in him I am reuiued, that was otherwise halfe dead, and more then halfe dust. But behold! thou breathed'st but vpon him, & as y downe of a flower he flew away in fleeces. He shot forth as a flower, and is cut downe: thou hast taken him away, as the vnripe grape: thou hast cast him off, as the Olive doth her flower.*

Iob. 14. 3.  
& 15. 33

Here, is the heart-strings of comfort, all cut! here (LORD) how can I speake inough, though I were all tongue! how can my stupid silence bee sufficient, were I all flint? Thy *Ionas*,

Lord,

## his teares.

Lord, for whō thou preparedst a  
goord, in the shadow wherof his  
faint sadnes might be refreshed,  
as soone as the touch of the  
worme turned the verdure into  
canker, and the beames of the  
Sun beat vpon his head, his cou-  
rage, at an instant, conuerted into  
faintnesse, *It is better for me* (saith  
he) *to die then to liue*. Thus this  
great Prophet grew in passion a-  
gainst thee for shewing thy  
power vpon his poore shelter,  
vpon that little shade he sat in:  
what then shall poore I say to  
one so potent? I, that am sodden  
in sorrow, and yet my boy-  
ling brought to no end! ex-  
posed to the sonnes fierie ri-  
gor, neuer to bee remooued,  
neuer to bee refreshed! Oh my  
LORD! I feele a rebellious

Jonah. 4. 9.

battell

## Du Plessis

Psal. 39. 10.

Iob. 1. 22.

battell within me ! keepe downe  
my tongue, let it loose to no  
language, but those sounds of  
the Psalmist : *I am dumbe ; and  
do not open my mouth, because thou  
hast done it . But thou Lord, laye  
thine hand upon my mouth, that  
my redoubling dolour burst not  
out into outragious murmure ;  
and I beeing a foole my selfe,  
charge GOD with foolishnesse.*

My sonne , when as yet his  
child-hood swayed his estate in  
nature, bent his full endeuour to  
the attaining perfection in the  
principall tongues, and all ho-  
nest and honourab'le disciplines:  
hee neuer wanted instigation,  
but rather inhibition , his for-  
wardnesse was so toward , and  
his towardnesse so forward : and  
still as his growth enabled him,

## his teares.

so hee enured himselfe to all illustrious exercises, sharing his time betweene the splendor and light of learning, and the thunder and lightning of warre: that *Mars* did seeme to grudge that *Minerva* had so great a part in his perfections. His youth saw him a traueeler in most countries Christian, extracting what euer made for vertue, where euer he found it, and expelling vicious affect farre from him, where euer he met it.

The industry, and ornament of each peculiar, was in his obseruation (as in a store-house) carefully reposed for practise: the defects and exorbiance of each, obserued also, but without the slightest acquaintance and with the carefullest auoydance

## Du Plessis

of their least touch, or taintè.

But now, growing to one degree rearer y<sup>e</sup> ful man, & beholding *France* her pacification with a minde not minding peace, resolving to set forth his vertue vpon y<sup>e</sup> quest of Honor, away he departeth to *Holland*, (y<sup>e</sup> worlds Theater or the sepulcher whether?) to giue his valour action vnder Prince *Maurice*, the *Fort-racer* of this our age, and there duely performeth all the duties of a future captaine, and a present-hearted souldior. For hauing had command in diuers seruices vnder the vnconquered King of *France*, by his especiall appointment, hee was firmly resolued to write in wounds vpon his enemies bodies, that he was worthy of that

enstal-

his teares.

enſllement from ſo worthy an  
aduocate. Many held his reſolu-  
tion too hot, and heady, but that  
he would haue left, had he liued:  
the temperate affects that at-  
tend vpon the years of maturity  
would haue allaied his youthful  
feruor, had he ſuruiued to haue  
ſeene maturty. Meane while, all  
theſe illuſtrious inſtruments  
of induſtrious verture, ſcored he  
together, for ſ glory of his God,  
the ſeruice of his King, the bene-  
fit of his country, & the defence  
of honeſty, in euery ſon of hirs:  
they were alſo prepared by pie-  
ty, ſo ſeaſoned by equity, and  
ſo preſerued by charity: it was  
admirable to ſee Zeale haue ſo  
faire an harbour in ſuch a youth-  
full and fiery ſpirit: and Piety  
to ſtand, ſupported with diuine

## Du Plessis

studies, higher by the head and  
shoulders the al & other (though  
high & honorable vertues. Here  
again began I to set vp my rest,  
and trust vpon him, as on a stay  
to my seete and a staffe to mine  
age: O my Lord (said I) *Thou of  
thy louing kindnesse hast made my  
mountaine to stand strong: thou  
(Lord) art the shadow on my right  
hand. But ah! behold: the thing  
I feared, is fallen vpon mee: the  
thing I was afraid of, is befallen  
mee.*

Pf. 30.7.

Pf. 21.5.

Iob. 25.

Here is a sad breach of na-  
tures order, for the father to  
prepare the funerall of the  
Sonne: for the father to bee the  
sons suruiuer. *All the thoughts of  
my heart are now turned into con-  
fusion. All my affaires in my  
house, in my heart, all quite*

Iob. 7.10

con.



## his teares.

confounded: vtterly out of frame!  
*Goe then and guird thy selfe with  
sackcloth ( wretched man ) wal-  
louu thy selfe in ashes, make la-  
mentation and bitter mourning.*  
Why, let mee goe meete with  
death also, what delight is there  
in delay? I, I, that haue out-  
liued so many sorrowes, so ma-  
ny perills, nay now the losse of  
mine owne bowells, and nerues,  
and yet liue to record the cut-  
ting of mine owne heart-  
strings, nay my heart it selfe?  
Thou hadest a King ( LORD )  
and Israell had a light, who  
when hee heard of the death  
of his Sonne, albeit hee was  
a rebell and would haue beene  
a parricide, yet burst out in  
a full presence, and cried: O Ab-  
salon my sonne, would God I had

Jerem. 6 27

2 Sam. 18

## Du Plessis

2 Sam. 18

*died for thee: O Absalon my son.*  
Thus turned hee the safety of  
his people into teares and  
mourning, and shamed the fa-  
ces of all his seruants, being  
so loath to leaue the dust hee  
layd in, that *Ioab* was faine to  
threaten him with the sedition  
and departure of the people  
from him: What then shall I do?  
ah what shall I not doe? hauing  
lost an only sonne, a companion,  
a kinsman, a brother the! whom,  
(choose which of these you can)  
neuer man had a better! what  
life is worth loue, nay what  
death is not worth life to mee in  
this helplesse extremity!

Oh but, my soule, my soule,  
returne a little vnto thy rest:  
mans waies, nor his life thou  
knowest are in his hand? *In the*

*Lords*

## his teares.

*Lords hand is the breath of euery living thing and the soule of all mankinde. And GOD custeth of the daies of man: for in his hand is in the number of his monethes: which none either preuenteth, or surpasseth, and yet doth not GOD decree any thing with follie.*

Iob. 12. 10.

Iob. 14. 16.

Iob. 24. 12.

*Therefore say rather to thy selfe and bee not sorie for saying so.*

*I am dumbe, and doe not open my mouth, because thou hast done it.*

Psa. 39. 1.

*But thou (LORD) keepe a bridle within my mouth, be sure (Lord) that thou see, that my lips be not let loose to impute vniustice vnto thee: oh no but let the*

## Du Pleſſis

euſer oppoſe iniquity , & attribute righteouſneſſe vnto my maker.

Ah! but ( my gracious Lord ) I am full of ( dolorous ) matter : my ſpirit ſwells within me, and compells mee ! Behold, my belly is as the wine that hath no vent: & wanting vent, reſembles the embottled aire that breakes through all that bindeth it in.

Therefore I wil ſpeake ( I thinke it beſt ) that I may take ſome breath , againſt this abundant exceſſe of ſorrowe . Thou knoweſt ( LORD of all mine, and all others life ) what I aimed at , in my Sonnet, my ſcope in him was not excluded from thy ſupereminent vnderſtanding . Had I any thought , any

intent

## his teares.

intent but to imploy his lustre  
wholy to the illustration of thy  
glory, the Churches good in-  
crease, and his Kings & countries  
grace? no, no, I consecrated his  
yeeres in their fullest maturity,  
his vnderstanding, in the grea-  
test perfection, wholly and soly  
to those sacred employments.  
At that, all my vowes leuelled;  
vnto that, all my prayers ten-  
ded; with that, all mine instruc-  
tions concluded; & in y, all mine  
endeuours were bounded: that,  
ah! nothing but that, was the  
center from which all my cogi-  
tations were drawne, and the  
circle to which they tended. But  
it was thy pleasure (Lord) in  
the meane space, to make mee  
the point, the marke, where-at  
thou wouldest shoote, so that I

## Du Plessis

am now become mine owne  
burden. Nay thou hast shot me  
thorow, & that through the sides  
of mine onely sonne: striking  
Father and childe starke dead  
both at one stroke. Alas, thou  
Lord of mine, are thine cares  
become deafe? is thine heart  
growne obdurate also: is that  
that eternall, neuer-dried foun-  
taine of thy free mercy, frozen  
with colde, or dried with heate,  
when I come to drinke, and vnto  
none but mee? It is true, Lord  
that *If I should dispute with thee,*  
*I should not answere thee to one*  
*thing in a thousand!* Thou art  
wise in heart, and mightie in  
strength: *when thou takest a*  
*prey, who can enforce thee to re-*  
*store it? who shall say vnto thee,*  
*why didst thou thus?* i, but I do not

Iob. 9. 3. &  
12.

sticke

## his teares.

sticke in the courts of thy power Lord, I presse in, vnto thy very sanctuarie, and looke all about mee, vpon thine exceeding power, commixt and contemperate with thine vnmeasured goodnesse, and thine inscrutable wisdom. *Thou Lord art righteous in all thy wayes, & mercifully, holy in all thy workes. Nay, thy mercy is aboue all thy workes.* Therefore are thy iudgements deep, & thy mercies a boundles, a soundlesse depth: thou giuest these, as Cauterismes in Phisick, not as hurtles in hostilitie. Wee thought thou hadst not heard our vowes, and see thou hast heard them truer then wee were aware of; our wordes it may bee thou refusedst, but our intents thou hast admitted: and signed both

*Psal. 73.*

*Psal. 145.  
17.*

our

## Du Plessis

our desires with a better condition to vs both : to our sonne thou hast done better, in taking backe as thy iust due, him that thou hadst but lent vnto vs during thine Almighty pleasure, and seating him in Heauen, whome thou hadst but shewen (and scarcely that ) vnto the Earth: to vs thou hast done better, in taking him out of the dangers of the worlds deuouring whirle-pittes, wherein perhaps wee might ( vnto our more excesse of sorrow ) haue seene him swallowed, and haue swum after that Funerall in a Sea of more bitter teares.

Once againe, here Lord, scale vp my lippes : once more, here binde mine organs of speech; for the flesh rebels, and compels

me,



## his teares.

me, nor see I meanes to bridle it, it is growne so head-strong, and so impatient of suppression. It bids mee say, why tookest thou him away ere his time? thou inexorable creditor that wouldest not stay thy day, but catche him vp ere his fate was ready to call him.

True, thou fraile flesh and bloud: why was it not his time to take him, that was Times Creator? and what is fate, but the will of GOD the Father? And what better limite hath life in any of vs all, then the rest from all our labour? And what matter is it whether the ship of our mortality bee brought to the haven by a sterne tempest, or a gentle gale? by winde, or by tide? had not hee that from

all

## Du Plessis

all eternitie predestinated the moment of his birth, the same power to decree the houre of his death by? If thou haue any reason to complaine that thou lost him so soone, the same cause hast thou to expostulate why thou hadst him no sooner, or no later, but enen then when hee was giuen thee: and doost thou thinke hee hath not lined long enough, whose life his countrie extolleth, & whose funerall song the purest Christ of God singeth?

This, as vertues desired rewarde, haue many worthy men bestowed much toyle to attaine, hardly deseruing it in their declining age, and their frostiest part of nature, which hee gotte signed him, ere hee

gotte

his teares.

gotte out of his youth; ere his age was at the Summer Solstice: namely his wish, and want, in the hearts of al such as honor goodnesse?

Therefore thou talkest like a foolish Woman: goe and learne better language of the wise: *It is not length of time, but wisdom*; a life well lead, a course well runne in the Lord, come wee neuer so soone to the stake, *that is the true granitie.*

Wis. 4. 10.

*The sanctified man, dye hee neuer so soone, hath had a long time: Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of such as hee holdeth deare: and that for euer.*

Psal. 116. 15.

But thou hast no measure, thou fraile corruption, thou art in my

bosome

## Du Plessis

Iob. 18. 19.

bosome againe with an other  
friuiolous obiection . Hee was  
all, all the sonnes I had, and now;  
*I haue neith r sonne nor daughter  
amongst my people : nor any poste-  
ritie in my dwellings.* No, G O D

Iob. 21. 8.

knowes not I : and in the meane  
while, *the imaginers of mischief,*  
such as like Moles, digge groue-  
ling in sinne , vntill they haue  
cast vp a mount of hatefull en-  
ormitie against Heauen , *Their  
seede is established before them,  
and their generation stands strong  
in their sight.* It doth : O but  
stand, stand a little , and cast an  
eye about. Now tell mee how  
many great Princes and Poten-  
tates thou seest to sit debarred  
from the fruite of progenie , and  
the fruition of children , in so  
much y the whole world seemes

## his teares.

to stagger for want of stayes  
from their loynes, and to ende-  
uour to make them fruitfull by  
bathing their barrenesse in ful-  
nesse of teares. And what hast  
thou foregone that thou shoul-  
dest so grieue at? a modell of  
vertue, whom all men respected  
more then hee in whom it was  
resident: a patterne of honora-  
ble honesty, forcing praise from  
others, and following nature in  
himselſe: Ah fixe thy fickle  
heart and giue the Deity his due  
praise! How often are the bran-  
ches of the wicked, shiuered in  
ſunder with the winde. Nay let  
vs grant them (that which God  
ſeldome granteth,) their full  
growth: the fruite they bring, is  
vnprofitable, not relishing any  
taſte, nor beſitting any uſe. But

C

call

## Du Plessis

call thy thoughts home to thine  
owne issue : why in him , his  
sweetnesse of fruite thrust his  
sweete blossome from the stalke,  
his vnparalleld vertue pressed  
out the delicious iuice of his  
sweete fruite , and left it to bee  
casked vp by all succeeding po-  
steritie . And now the tents of  
the godly are perfumed with  
his rare, and redolent fragrancie:  
his heate , nay and that in the  
height, his ardor, armes, and ani-  
mates them all to emulation of  
vertue . Time ranked many with  
him in respect of age, and gaue  
his fore-lock into diuerse hands  
as soone as his, yet were there not  
any of his time that kni<sup>d</sup> that  
lock into so many knots of vertue  
as he did: what canst thou grum-  
ble further at? yet mee thinkes

thou

## his teares.

thou art not satisfied : oh thou wouldst faine haue had him , as thou thoughtst thou hadst begotten him , to beene the heire of thine intents , to haue beene enfeofed in thy determinations , and haue surtiued to haue inherited thine honest and goldy endeoures.

I pray thee now looke after him once for mee , that hast longed so for him in thy selfe: Now, blind man, hath he not discerned his heritage himselfe, and is he not now seized of that reall inheritance wherethou wouldest share with him with all thine heart ? hath hee not left thee, his countrie, and the church possessed with as plentifull and as pleasant fruit, as such a greene stock as his could possibly bring

## Du Plessis

to perfection? yes: and GOD himselfe hath layde it vp in his *Granary*: & that I thinke makes thee most melancholie, because thou thinkest that God hath lost the more absolute vse that thy sonnes farther yeares might haue afforded him.

Goe to, keepe thy selfe content, and let Gods losses lye vpon his owne hand: it is in his power out of this heape of stones, to rayse himselfe seruants, the country souldiers, and the Church supporters: cannot he fill the heauens with legions of Saints, the earth with hoasts of Protectors, and his Church with millions of assistants, but hee must bee faine to take a corruptible mans direction, and stand drawing out the life of this



## his teares.

man or that, longer then his eternity liketh? ah farre bee it from true sence to bee so befotted.

Why so then, I am satisfied: giue mee leaue, I will now rake the bitte out of my mouth my selfe, and plead the cause of the all-sufficient Creator, euen against mine owne soule. Why doost thou not see then (deere wife) how all the worlde like a Bowle, is ouer-swayed by the ouer strong byas of iniquitie, & bends (despite all opposition,) to black corruption? oh how secular, how pestilent a vapour of sinne, drawes euery man in with the first breath hee takes, attracting vices as *Atomes*, euen in his first moment of respiration: and the longer hee

## Du Plessis

liueth to draw his breath, the sur-  
rer foote-hold hee giueth vici-  
ousnesse in his soule, bosome,  
and settleth the contagion in  
his soule : which the deuill is  
sure of, though he be sencelesse  
of : Sathan hath a beadrill of  
those impious, and daily increa-  
sing inhabitants, though the  
poore Land-lord taketh no note  
of their entrie to possession, nor  
receiues any rent of them but  
ruine : happy hee ( too few so  
happy ! ) that can bring his acti-  
on against them before GODS  
bench, or in that celestiaall starre-  
chamber, and remooue them  
from possession by a bill of re-  
pentance: but few such suites go  
forward : the world comes with  
one bribe, and the flesh with an-  
other: & either too easily GOD

knowes

## his teares.

knowes) can perswade the poore  
plaintiffe to let his action fall: for  
this flesh, let the soule, let the spi-  
rit come neuer so fresh, neuer so  
zealous, neuer so hot in that zeale  
frō the hand of God, it will finde  
one angle or other in, wherein it  
may sow the seed of sin, & plant  
a too fruitfull infection. And  
when the soule is once dipped in  
worldly delights, what should  
deliuer it from being drowned  
therein? What hold hath any  
one that is once ouer the shooes  
in iniquity, vpon any thing that  
may saue him from slipping in  
ouer the shoulders? & what pri-  
uiledge had the court of heauen  
granted our sonne more then an-  
other? had he a lease of his soules  
life letten him? none.

And wee see, (and might learne

## Du Plessis

by sight of it ) that vertue when it is exalted, and eleuate, if it begin once to drawe damnation in, it becometh graduate in the most extreame degree of viciousnesse. Yes. yes, when goodnesse once misseth the true tract, and lights into the broad way of blacke destruction, it will hardlye heare of any reclaime, but maketh the more speede to mischief, and runnes headlong to euident ruine.

So then, was it not better for our sonne to haue taken paye for a little space in the Campe of Vertue, then to haue beene enranked as an olde attendant in the Court of vice? and had hee not better haue beene exposed to an houres sharpe toyle, then to a yeares subtile

temp-

## his teares.

temptation? Thinke but of him as hee was indeed. A youth of an egregious alacritye, a penetrating spirit, and an vnbounded ayme. His vigorous vertue would enter vpon any enterprise, and generally the effect would answere his endeauour: his valour found no obstacle so obstinate but it would through it, and bring glorie through it againe? breaking the squadrons of the most solid oppositions, and mounting his honor vpon the rubbish of their ruined forces.

Now beeing such an one (and such hee was indeed!) his heart lay open to all the assaults of affect, of glory: desire of renowne (you know) might soone haue put him out of the pace that

vertue

## Du Plessis

vertue had taught him: ambition is a great fowler, and of exceeding cunning in her baytes: why might not hee haue start out, and haue slipt into one of her sprindges? might not that (holy) hunger after honor haue turned his wrong side outward and haue led him cleere out of the sight of sobriety in affection? yes, and this hunger is most commonly an vtter enemy to the temperate diet of vertue, and cannot endure to eate any thing that moderation prouideth.

Besides, lofty spirits (if they bee really eleuate) can neuer brooke the horrible decay of honorable worth in these declining times, and this Sunne-set of the world, but will some-

times

## his teares.

times flie out, and aduance their spirit in his full freedome against these ages neglect of the deserving worthie, and then comes porte and power, together with their appendants or hang-bies, and treads out the light of their most glorious lustre: Ah this is too true, and thus might our sonne haue bene lost, had hee liued any longer.

But indeede true sorrowe will alwaies build vpon false grounds to augment it selfe, if it bee not taken vppe in time, and if it once gette heade, it will haue a reason to shewe for any vnreasonable passion that it shall entertaine. In truth it is true.

For hee that greeueth vn-fainedlie, greeueth also that

any

## Du Plessis

any one should hold his griefes  
cause not sufficient to procure  
a greater affect of sorrow then  
hee endureth. But tell mee  
now I pray thee (louing wife)  
wouldst thou not haue lost thy  
sonne? no, wouldst thou not  
haue had him transported from  
this ruined state that earth stand-  
eth in, vnto that excellence of e-  
ternity that heauen affordeth?  
yes. Why, now then, seeing that  
thou seest hee hath preuented  
thine expectation, and is gotten  
vp thither long before thou  
thoughtst hee should, why hast  
not thou reason to say with the  
wise man: *He pleased God, and was  
beloued of him, so that whereas hee  
liued amongst sinners, hee trans-  
lated him: This was Henock (wife)*  
a man that was full of the feare

Wis. 4. 10.

11.

of



## his teares.

of God. *And hee was taken away least wickednesse should alter his understanding, and least deceit should haue beguiled his minde.* And thus, and no other-wise but thus, hath our glorious **GOD** taken away our Sonne, like a good Father, who seeing his Sonne placed in the broadest beech of peruersenesse, takes him out of danger in time, least hee should bee drawne into too euident danger, and bee stricke downe by one shot or other from the assaylant enemy: The deluge of wickednesse, hath almost covered the highest mountaine of Godlinesse, and good manners; and therefore blessed be God that hath set our son in a place of so blessed security.

The sonnes of men growe

more

## Du Plessis

more and more peremptory against the prescriptions of the highest, the monuments of goodnesse are so weather-beaten, that iniquity and antiquity hath almost left no character thereof vndefaced: the rust of irreligiousnes hath eaten into the most steely tempers of our age: & had our son (thinkest thou) any especiall protection promised him? no, effect in others confirmeth this to vs. Wipe away those teares once more that gush out in such aboundance (seeming as if hee were not dead already, to drowne him in his graue:) and consider but this: How innumerable and almost inevitable trap-falls are set in the tract of vertue, in all her walkes? Here you shall haue one that will kisse the

visar

## his teares.

visar of vertue : but shew them  
her true face , and you turne all  
their kisses vnto curses.

You shall haue other some  
that while shee is vnderfoote,  
will lend her a hand to helpe her  
vp : but when shee is vppe and  
hath gotten wing , and mount-  
eth , then they either suspect  
hir themselues , or buzze  
suspitions of her into the heads  
of others.

Affording hir all their dili-  
gent culture while shee is a  
springing , but growing once  
aloft , they make haie of  
her ere shee come to her  
hight , and rend her vp by the  
rootes.

And then there is that  
pestilence reigning euer a-  
mongst men of equallity , in

what

## Du Plessis

what ranke soeuer, I meane *Envy*: and her nature, and consequently her practise is euer to persecute that good which shee cannot paralell. That height which she cannot mount vnto, shee presently vndermines, setting all her *Pioners*, *canillation*, *detraction*, and *derision* on worke vpon the ruine of that glorie which shee cannot reach: it is her food to bee felt heavy vpon the highest fortunes. And this is the source of all the grudges, malice, and altercations that haue beene the pestilence which hath swept such multitudes from the bosome of our mother *France*: this malice, oh this madnesse of the Nobility, that (for ought I can see) are now but bastards to their ancestours

valour,

his teares.

valour: these adulterous births,  
haue obscured the rising glory  
of *France*, with the mystes ari-  
sing from the bleeding bodyes  
that haue fallen in this fatall  
warre: wherein with thoughts  
more bloudy piercing then their  
armes, *Religion*, and all respect  
of goodnesse beeing thrust out  
of the true place, the brother  
ranne head-long vpon his bro-  
ther, as vpon his fiercest ene-  
mie.

And looke now; our sonne  
is acquit from hauing any hand  
in these desperate hacksters ac-  
tions, and sittes aloft, looking  
downe, and laughing at this lit-  
tle lumpe of earth, (so ouer-  
growne with *Spuma Cerberi*, and  
the weedes of the Diuels har-

D

uest)

## Du Plessis

what ranke foeuer, I meane *Envy*: and her nature, and consequently her practise is euer to persecute that good which shee cannot paralell. That hight which she cannot mount vnto, shee presently vndermines, setting all her *Pioners*, *canillation*, *detract: on*, and *derision* on worke vpon the ruine of that glorie which shee cannot reach: it is her food to bee felt heavy vpon the highest fortunes. And this is the source of all the grudges, malice, and altercations that haue beene the pestilence which hath swept such multitudes from the bosome of our mother *France*: this malice, oh this madnesse of the Nobility, that (for ought I can see) are now but bastards to their ancestours

valour,

his teares.

valour : these adulterous births,  
haue obscured the rising glory  
of *France*, with the mystes ari-  
sing from the bleeding bodyes  
that haue fallen in this fatall  
warre : wherein with thoughts  
more bloudy piercing then their  
armes, *Religion*, and all respect  
of goodnesse beeing thrust out  
of the true place, the brother  
ranne head-long vpon his bro-  
ther, as vppon his fiercest ene-  
mie.

And looke now; our sonne  
is acquit from hauing any hand  
in these desperate hacksters ac-  
tions, and sittes aloft, looking  
downe, and laughing at this lit-  
tle lumpe of earth, ( so ouer-  
growne with *Spuma Cerberi*, and  
the weedes of the Diuels har-

D

uest)

## Du Plessis

uest ) which he hath left beneath him.

But what comfort canst thou haue of this , or I , that share with thee in this sorrow if wee stand shaking our hands , or arming our hearts against G O D , who is the onely consolation in the extreamest agonie , and anguish of heart ? Are not wee of them that haue receiued the seale of the Lion of *Judah* ? are we not Christians ? Downe , downe , perturbed spirit ! thou abortiue of misery .

Why ? but God might haue shielded him from all these encounters of vicious extreames . You neede not tell mee that : I know hee might : but had hee not made him a fraile mortall ?



his teares.

nay, and had hee not appointed him a place in warres, and instilled a Military vigor into him? Being euery day betweene the chaps of death, why might hee not be catcht at length? is it possible to stand in a shower of hail-stones, & haue not one to touch him?

GOD had made him valourous: the likelier to bee ouer-hardy in daring of death, and so ouer-taken in his too much heat, and too little dread. God had made him with an heart that put forth his rigour in all the endeoures of masculine vertue:

Alas, what was hee in this, but a fayre shotte-marke for foule Enuie? a roeke for the

## Du Plessis

vntaught billowes of iniurious  
suspect to beate against , and  
perhaps (though breaking ma-  
nie of themselves first) at length  
to shake downe into ruine ?

Didst thou looke to haue him  
miraculously lifted vp from his  
seate in this sea of deprauati-  
on ? What warrant hath COD  
giuen thee for that ? what bar-  
gaine had Fate made with thee,  
or mee , including any such  
condition ?

How much more comfort  
should we finde, and how much  
more easily should wee settle  
the rebellious affects that keepe  
this coyle in our bosomes , if  
wee would steppe a little out of  
this wildnesse of conceite , and  
suffer our imaginations to bee

guided

## his teares.

guided vnto Truth by the sette order of nature, by mans fraile estate in this order, and by the reall cause of this frayltie of state?

Death ending man in this order, time bringing him on to death, and originall sinne (the due deseruer of death) bringing man forth to his first moment of time? Such considerations as these, were farre more fitte for vs, then to cast off our thoughts at randon, to suffer them flye beyond the pitche of our obedience to our maker.

And now tell mee true (*consideratio considerandis*) and all accompts beeing cast, is not our sorrow exceedingly lighte-

## Du Plessis

ned, to see our beloued sonne  
deliuered from those complete  
armed Battailions of deadly dan-  
gers, that enuironed him on e-  
uery side? Tell mee now, thou  
vile and mis-beleeuing flesh, hast  
thou not now reason to turne  
ouer a new leafe, and to say with  
that holy singer: *I acknowledge O  
Lord, that thy iudgements are iust:  
and that thou hast afflicted me, for  
my faith: for tryall of my faith.  
God is (euer) good vnto Israel, and  
pure in heart.*

He is so, and when his wrath  
seemeth to threaten vs in most  
terrible thunder, then raigneth  
hee his mercy vpon vs in a most  
mellifluous dew. I will there-  
fore turne mee, (I will leaue all  
and turne mee) to my GOD,

and

## his teares.

and on him will I build my confidence.

And now shall my mouth bee shutte no more : but I will turne it into a Trumper, in the cause and quarrell of the Almightye : This will I resound, and of this shall all the world returne an Eccho, *Thou hast done it O Lord, and well hast thou done it.*

Well hast thou done it : for thou canst doe nothing but well: being thy selfe the neuer dried Well of goodnesse . Vnto the good, nothing befalls but good: come it in neuer so horred a shape of mischiese ; in a forme neuer so fearefull.

Well hast thou done vnto our sonne, in taking him out of the perillous conflicts where-into

## Du Plessis

hee had nowe set foote ( and that was all , if hee had done that ) and bestowing his freedom *gratis* vpon him nay and besides , crowned him with a Garland of such glory. Had hee liued longer , hee might haue runne astray the more, the larger weight of worldly experience might haue bent him downwards, and haue fixed his affections vpon fading glories . For there was *Salomon*, whose eminence of wisdom is by the diuinity of wisdom it selfe eternized vnto all after ages , as also his fall is , beeing the more amazefull vnto all posteritie, by reason that is was from such an admired height of vniuersall vnderstanding.

Oh

## his teares.

Oh what a goodly haruest of glory had fallen to him, had hee fallen sooner himselfe . What a lasting disgrace be-rusted his lustre by his liues lasting so long ? The world seeth it, and sighes to see it.

Well hast thou done also vn-to mee his Father : for it is not vnknowne to thee, what an anxiety, and restlesse disquietnesse of thought possessed mee, concerning his passage out of those bogs y<sup>e</sup> the world had layd all about him : And of his descent from so tottering a stand in the wheele of the destenies reuolution. A feare, a chill feare like a fever still hung at mine heart-strings, in doubt of his deliuerance from these dangers,

which

## Du Plessis

which now I see effected, now is hee, after all my cares, after his education in the true fayth, his discharge of the duety of a Christian souldier, and his little progresse in the pathes of more maturity, and discretion, taken out of this worldes winter, and placed in the cælestiall, Summer climate, and in the soule quickning Sunshine of the Trinity.

Well hast thou done to mee, LORD in this also: as long as the world had my Son, my Son had my heart, & consequently, the world kept it fixed, on an vnfit and fickle foundation: But now, in calling him away, thou hast euen almost, (there wants but one other pull)



## his teares.

torne me vp from my rooting in  
earth, to be transplanted in thy  
celestiall paradise ! the world  
holds mee now but by two or  
three slender siuers : let but the  
mariners giue one other  
sweigh, and mine anchor will  
come vp, for altogether : and I  
wil cast off al and say onely this.

*It is good for mee to adhere vnto  
my GOD. Come Lord Iesus, come  
quickly. I was a sleepe in sin (Fa-  
ther) but thou gauest me a sound  
pinche, and set mee quickly on  
my feete, to cast ouer my cause  
by thy decrees, to proue my  
selfe guilty before thy bench:  
to yeeld to the iustice of thine  
ouer iust. sentence, and yet to a-  
vow thy mercies, in euery par-  
doning the penitent.*

Pla. 73. 28.

Apoc. 24.  
20.

And

## Du Plessis

Job. 10. 1

And therefore I will euen  
make no more a doe, but say  
with thy seruant *Job*, *condemne  
mee not, but shew me the cause why  
thou contendest with mee*: I haue  
sinned ( my mercifull Lord ) I  
confesse, and I sinne dayly : in sin  
was I bred, in sinne was I borne:  
sinne seazed my youth, and hath  
lackeied my life vnto this age. O  
my gracious Lord, come thou,  
and free mee from my secret  
sinnes : lay thy finger Lord, vp-  
on my soule, and tell mee that  
here, and here is such a canker  
bred : So shall I see the vlee-  
rous carcasse of my spirit, and  
seale, my selfe, to the sentence  
that condemnes mee: comming  
truely about those dangerous  
sandies, and doubling the cape

of

his teares.

of good hope vnder thy conduct ( my sacred Pilot ) and bearing in with full sailes to the ha-  
uen of thy gracious mercy , I  
may turne all my plaints into  
praiers and all my sorrowes in-  
to speciall songs : Because of  
this : that though *my bosome doe*  
*burne with anguish and though* Job. 6. 10  
*thou ( LORD ) doe not spare*  
*mee* , yet haue I this comfort,  
that *I haue not suppressed my*  
*speech of the most holy* nor beene  
a denier of the doctrine hee  
taught me.

Glory bee to the glorious  
G O D that in all mine vnrest,  
I haue this grace of his to rest  
vpon.

In thy presencetherefore( my  
deere Lord ) I stand all naked: O

behold

## Du Plessis

behold mee with a tender heart,  
My eyes dissolue into moystures  
sorrowe had congealed them  
all into Ice with one extreame,  
and now it thawes them all into  
teares with an other.

*My soule melteth for heauinesse:*

Pl. 119. 18

O rayse mee vppe according to  
thy worde. Art not thou (LORD)

Pl. 119. 12.

he alone that possesseth my reignes,  
and couered mee in my Mothers

Pl. 22. 11

wombe? Thou art hee. Into thy  
handes was I cast from my mo-  
thers wombe: O mine eternall,  
all-sufficient LORD! Thou  
knowest my setting downe, and my  
rising vp: thou understandest my  
thought, a farre off.

Pl. 134. 2

And marke now whether our  
Gods counsell fayle vs in any  
part of our extreames. Doth

he

## his teares.

hee bid vs, *Cast thy burthen upon* PC. 55. 22  
*Iehouah, and he will sustaine thee:*  
*hee wilbe a rest for thy shoulders,*  
*and a stay for thy feet:* Why  
then let my mine enemies  
tongues runne counter as long  
as they list: let them say, *GOD* PC. 79. 11  
*hath forsaken him, pursue him,*  
*take him, there is none to deliuer*  
*him from danger, not any to re-*  
*uenge his quarrell.*

You erre, you erre, ( you  
maleuolent Sathanistes ) *GOD*  
hath not forsaken mee, for I  
haue not forsaken him.

No ( my gracious, *GOD,* )  
I will neuer bee ashamed at  
tribulation as long as I trust  
in thee: neuer shall the ene-  
meie confounde mee, ha-  
uing thee for the foundation

of

## Du Plessis

Iob. 5. 18

Psa 147. 3

Psa. 35. 26

of my hopes, and whole affections. For I haue no neede to start at any perill: I know so fully that *thou LORD wilt looke upon mine afflictions, and pardon mee all my sinnes. Thou makest the wounde, and thou bindest it vp: It is the Lord God of hostes that cureth those that are broken in heart, and annointeth all their sores with his precious Balsam: Hee onely searcheth the depth of all the soules putrid vlcers, and salueth them with saluation. Let shame then bee their continuall attendant that reioyce at this hurt of mine.*

Confusion bee their companion that insult vpon the soule that is drenched in the depth of misery. For I see I haue a gra-

cious

## his teares.

cious God on my side, maugre  
all their inueterate malice. And  
*hee hath deliuered mee from sixe* Iob. 5. 19.  
*troubles, and in the seauenth the*  
*euill shall not touch mee. I may*  
*therefore fall, but I shall neuer bee*  
*caste out,* nor troden downe: I psal. 37. 24  
haue hold vpon the highest: the  
LORD hath mee fast by the  
hand.

This LORD hath beene my  
good Lord and maister euer:  
hee hath taught mee from my  
child-hood vnto this present:  
hetherto haue I beene an in-  
stance of thine inestimable  
good-nesse: and shall I thinke  
thou wilt fayle mee now in my  
old age, and adde vnto the fay-  
ling of nature? nay I will neuer  
doe it.

E

When

## Du Plessis

Pfal. 88. 4.

Pfal. 9. 1.

When my powers are all vanished, then wilt thou stand my good LORD in all inconueniences. Let *my soule bee filled with euills*, and let *my life approache the graue* vnder neuer so great a load of calamities, yet shall my soule bee vigorous in her dutie still, and *speake of all thy maruelous workes*. Nay, let death seaze mee neuer so soone, yet (my LORD and GOD) will I neuer cease to say with thy seruant: *Though thou slaye mee, my trust shall rest vpon thee for euer.*

LORD giue vs grace, O LORD giue thy seruant and hand-maide grace to say continually: Let our life be in thy sonne Iesus Christ, & in him let



## his teares.

vs haue the end of al our labours.  
For wee are sure, that our Redeemer liueth and that hee shall stand the last vpon earth.

That is thy Christ (O Lord) euen our onely Sauour and supporter. And though that wormes turne all our one bodies into themselves, yet shall wee resume the selfe same flesh, and behold the blessed in his Maiesty with these selfe same eyes.

And there and then shall wee see our Sonne againe (deere wife) : yes assuredly, in these very bodies, wee our selues and no other for vs, shall see him in that selfe same house of flesh that hee held on earth, and in no other. O thou incomprehensible, fa-

## Du Plessis

cred, vnbounded, indiuidu-  
all, and vnconfounded Trinitie,  
grant that our meeting bee to  
all our ioyes. *Amen.*

**I**N these teares (beloued wife) and  
in this manner of sorrow, it is no  
sinne to take our orders and pro-  
ceed graduates: Wee may weepe  
lawfully thus, as long as the  
streames that raine from our eyes,  
do not make the riuer of our griefes  
ouerflowe their bankes, so then,  
keeping this channell, let them  
droppe from our cheekes eternal-  
lie: Let vs make vs pearles of  
them, which no bloud, no vine-  
ger may, euer dissolve. Wee

*must*

his teares.

---

must say, adieu the worldes comfort : needes must wee then lay faster hold vpon that in Heauen.

Adieu then Philip our sonne,  
for a while, and welcome  
Iesus our Sauiour  
for euer.

FINIS.